

ART EXHIBIT AT
B. Y. COLLEGENot So Very Extensive
But Very Good.Works of Prof Wright
and Five Others.

Logan cannot have the state art exhibit every year, but the collection of beautiful paintings now to be seen at the Brigham Young College is proof that it is possible to have a very creditable exhibit anyway. Prof. Wright has placed in the B. Y. C. exhibition room paintings of his own and from five other leading artists of the state, and the whole comprises an attraction that is indeed delightful.

The group on the north wall is the work of J. B. and J. L. Fairbanks. Of J. B. Fairbanks' works, No. 1 is, perhaps, the best. It is an honest scene painted honestly. There is no attempt at show or ostentation. The artist has gone out on a quiet day in autumn and painted a harvest scene as he saw it.

The most striking piece of J. L. Fairbanks is No. 7, a picture of an old French church in evening, with the lights shining across the square and a brilliantly lighted news stand in the foreground.

No. 8 is a realistic drawing of a house in the older part of Paris. There is a romantic air about it which no modern structure carries.

No. 10, an evening scene by Lee Greene Richards, will bear looking at. The light shines through the window and on the ground in front of the cottage. No. 17 does not have the delicacy of No. 10, but it almost makes up for it in strength. The moon shines over the corner of a clump of trees, throwing a dark shadow in the foreground and casting a flock of sheep into strong relief.

M. J. Young is specially strong in motion. No. 22, a picture of children coasting, is a masterpiece. One can see the snow fly from under the sled as the merry crowd shoots down the hill, while the boy pulling his sled up seems to have great trouble in keeping his footing.

The photograph of Mr. Hafen, president of the Utah Art Association, is a striking likeness.

Prof. Wright's paintings excel not only in number but also in workmanship. His portrait of Bishop Smith is one of his best efforts. The bishop looks as if he were about to rise and address his congregation.

The portrait of Miss Q., which won the medal of honor in the state exhibit last year, is in this collection.

No. 45, a church interior, is almost a poem on canvas. A dim light comes through the stained windows, leaving all the interior in gloom, while deep in a dusty window niche a statue stands, barely discernible in semidarkness.

A typical Utah scene is represented in No. 51. The sun shines through the leaves of some cottonwood trees, casting streaks of color and shade across the trunks, and the whole picture sparkles in the clear mountain air.

With the exception of those marked sold, these paintings are for sale at a price so low as to seem ridiculous. The public might find here much to interest them, in a Christmas way.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National bank of Logan, Utah, will be held in its banking rooms on the 8th day of January, 1907, at 4 o'clock p. m., for election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may be proper.

ALLAN M. FLEMING,
Cashier.

Logan, Utah, Dec. 8, 1906.

Take No Chance.

Would it not be just as well to deal with a firm that tells the truth as to the sales they are making and as to the number of pianos and organs they receive from time to time? Examine our advertisements and see if you can find one falsehood? See our big advertisement in this issue.

We believe it is wrong to misrepresent. If you knew we had made a false statement, could you take our word as to the quality of a piano or organ? HARRIS MUSIC CO.
Deputy & Newnan, dealers.

THE
PESSIMISTIC
BACHELOR

THE Bachelor lived in a boarding house. He was 55 years old, and his hair was growing thin at the top and gray at the temples. He had recently invested in a cane because of the gout which he had stopped calling rheumatism. After he had bought the cane he had grimly stalked to an oculist's.

The new eyeglasses were in his pocket now, and he was on his way to the boarding house (he disdained to call it home) to test them on the Rubaiyat that a New York friend had sent him for Christmas.

All these things (including the coming of Omar Khayyam) had made the Bachelor a pessimist—or so, at least, he thought.

It was Christmas eve.

"The Christmas spirit!" he growled, under his breath. "Heh! The Christmas greed, I call it. Everybody seems to be rushing around like mad, and everybody is filled to bursting with a lively sense of favors to come. Will that confounded car ever show up? I can't stand this chattering rabble much longer."

The car came at last and the Bachelor heaved a sigh that was almost satisfaction as he sank into the only vacant seat.

The Bachelor found himself on the



Threw Down the Book in a Rage.

same seat with a little woman who held many bundles and a baby. The baby was asleep. The woman looked fagged and tired, but when her eyes chanced to rest on the infant in her tense arms, they grew soft with maternal tenderness. She apologized in fushing haste to the Bachelor when the baby's restless movements set a paper box squarely on his knee, but the pessimist only grunted. She tried to recover the box, but this, as she had only two arms, and both were full, proved difficult.

"Let the box stay, madam," snapped the Bachelor. He had not thought to help her. "It does not inconvenience me in the least."

So the box stayed. The Bachelor looked sedulously the other way, and tried to forget that it was there. The baby's pudgy pink hand was flung on his coat sleeve, and the Bachelor tried to forget that, too.

"I get off at the next corner, sir," said the woman. "Could you—would you—"

She rose in hurried anxiety to her feet, and her bundles rained down on the Bachelor.

"I could help you out, if that is what you mean," said the Bachelor sourly. "Oh, no, sir—thank you, sir!" For the Bachelor, red with irritation, had gathered up the scattered parcels.

The conductor grinned as he jerked the bellcord, and the perspiring Bachelor could have beaten him with his cane.

"I'll carry these bundles home for you, madam," he announced gruffly and reluctantly, when they reached the sidewalk. "My car has left me, anyway," and he smiled grimly after the rapidly receding lights.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, meekly. "Tain't far," she added, "just a block."

When he at last reached his cheerless room, he adjusted his new glasses with a scowl and picked up Omar Khayyam with a feeling of sudden distaste. "The Christmas spirit!" he growled. "Bahaw!"

But he did not see the printed page, though his eyes were screwed intently upon it for many minutes. Suddenly he threw down the vellum-covered book in a rage and tore off the pince nez. "Hang it all!" said he furiously, "these glasses are no good. That driveling idiot of an oculist ought to be drawn and quartered! I'm going downtown."

LETTER FROM A WANDERER

Former Logan Boy Now in the Navy
Writes Splendidly of His Travels.

The following is from the pen of Charles Robertson, brother of Mrs. Wm. M. Smith, a young man who once resided in Logan, and is well-known to the younger people especially. He writes from the far east as follows:

U. S. Concord, Third Rate,
CANTON, CHINA, Oct. 21, 1906.

The good ship Concord after making the usual cruise with the squadron of all the important Chinese and Japanese ports arrived at Yokohama, where we enjoyed a short stay, enabling those who wanted to make a trip to Tokio. The Concord was then detached from the squadron and ordered to proceed to Chefoo, China, and prepare the target range for the annual practice of Uncle Sam's good gunners.

We had accomplished all the duties assigned us, and were all looking forward to nothing better than a long stay at Chefoo until the cold weather and then a return to Cavite, and many of us were wishing the Concord would get stationed at some Japanese port, instead, as the cherry blossoms and maidens of Japan interested us enough to make us wish to continue our acquaintance longer. We had hardly become settled from our Fourth of July celebration when the unexpected orders to proceed to Tongu and give liberty to Peking arrived, and we were all planning and borrowing to our limit—for we had all heard and studied about Peking ever since we were old enough to remember, and now were actually going to see all the wonderful things we had studied about when we were kids.

It is only a short run from Chefoo to Tongu (the nearest port to Peking); in fact, we found no port at all, but simply anchored as near in as the depth of the water allowed us, that being about fifteen miles out. It took a day for the paymaster to make arrangements and on the following morning at 5:30 a. m. our chartered tug came alongside, the starboard watch was first, so eighty-five wild and happy bluejackets were soon on their 121-mile journey inland to China's capital. As we steamed in toward Tongu, the forts that were destroyed by the allied fleets in 1900 became visible, and as we entered the river we had a very good view of them, or I should say what remains of them, for they stand today just as the shells from the guns left them—dilapidated and crumbling. We arrived at Tongu about 8:30 and then there was eighty-five hungry bluejackets looking for some breakfast: some found it, others were not so lucky, so the unlucky ones could do nothing but loiter around the station till train time. It was here I saw my first English compartment system of passenger coach, as all these railways are owned and operated to a great extent the same as in England.

Our journey from here was by rail, and somehow we managed to get to Tientsin on a train much slower and more inconvenient than the Arkansas local. We arrived at Tientsin and laid over long enough to get on the outside of a good breakfast, leaving here we arrived in sight of the Peking wall about 4:30, and as I first looked at this wonderful structure I could not help but wonder how many men and years it took to build it, it beggars description, so I will not attempt it; but imagine a mighty wall 100 feet, and in some places 150 feet, high, whose base is nearly as wide as the wall is high and room on top for eight horses to travel abreast; and at each gate a colored title roofed pagoda rising above the top of the wall nearly its own height again.

Peking is divided as everyone knows into four cities each, is surrounded by a separate wall, although the outer wall is the larger. The outer city is the Chinese City, next coming the Tartar City, next the Imperial City, and finally in the center of all the Purple, or Forbidden City. The railway enters the city through the water gate, the same gate that the American forces entered in 1900.

We were all glad to at last arrive, as the weather was very hot and the dust was almost unbearable, so we all hastily climbed aboard a rickshaw and headed for the Hotel du Nord, as per instructions, and after a bath and good supper felt considerably better. As it was too late to do any sight-seeing that night (we took in a circus (there happening to be one in Peking), and while it was poor as compared to the circuses one sees in the United States, it was a treat to us exiles, as we had not seen anything in that line since leaving God's country.

Having made all arrangements for our guide for the next day we all slept soundly and were up bright and early next morning ready to see all that Peking offered us.

Our guide could speak very fair English, so was able to tell us a good many interesting events connected with the different places we were going to see, and it was from him I received the information and uses connected with the various temples that are described in this writing.

As we left the hotel the first place we stopped at was the Von Kettler monument, dedicated to the German ambassador who was murdered by the Boxers. It is a huge arch spanning the entire street with suitable words engraved on it to commemorate his memory.

The Lama Temple.

There are fifteen temples in the grounds of the Lama temple, each one dedicated to some special religious ceremony, and as these people are outside the pale of the emperor's law, and are very antagonistic to all foreigners, we were allowed to see very little of the buildings, and only did see the lesser important by bribing the attendants.

The entire temple is presided over by a living Lama, and this is the only place I saw Chinese with no cues, all the priests being closely shaven. We saw only one temple building, the temple of the War God, he being employed in an immense Josh of Teak wood about 100 feet in height, with numerous Joses of lesser importance, the tapestries being very gorgeous and I guess worth thousands of dollars. There was a prevailing odor of incense and the guide told us there were always the twolighted candles and incense before him. The carvings were something wonderful, and around the walls were to be seen curious and ancient implements of war and torture that were used before America was even thought of.

The Confucian Temple.

This temple was built and furnished by the great Chinese Confucius. Here we were taken into the Hall of Classics and saw the marble slab that Confucius wrote on, and where each emperor since has strived to write the same hand-writing. You can see the marble tablets of each placed in a row all round the hall. Our guide pointed out some of the best and told us the name of the emperor who wrote; but my memory being poor on remembering names am unable to repeat them. We saw the great hall where Confucius came to study and sat in the chair used by him on these occasions.

The Examination Halls came next. These too were founded by Confucius. They reminded me off a row of bath houses and are about as large. Here all who wished to enter the government employ used to come and shut themselves in, receiving no food and very little water until the completion of the examination, which often lasted a week. If he was successful a large marble tablet was erected to his honor stating the efficiency of the examined, and for what degree he was trying. This place reminded me of an immense cemetery. There were, the tablets erected to all who had successfully passed the examinations for the past 600 years.

Both of the above temples are never (Continued on 8th page)

THE
ELEVENTH
HOUR

BY PAUL LEAKE

BEN WILL alighted from the coach of the east-bound flyer at the Michigan Central depot. There was an absent look in his clear blue eyes, usually so keen in observation of his surroundings, and he was impatient at the slow progress of the crowd filtering through the gate. He paid no attention to the happy reunions of friends and relatives at the station; the exclamations of delight at the meetings fell on deafened ears.

Pushing through the crowd, he hurried to a car and soon alighted at the old familiar corner. The street looked just the same. The house, however, was changed; it no longer looked like home. The old-fashioned shutters were missing, the quiet, sedate front was altered, and bay windows protruded above as well as on the ground floor.

"Mrs. Flabbins don't live here no more," said the untidy young woman who answered his ring.

With saddened eyes he retraced his steps to the corner. Entering the drug store he satisfied the proprietor that he was a stranger by buying a cigar and then rather diffidently requesting the privilege of looking at the directory. The only Flabbins he could find was Edward, who was credited with being in the saloon business.

"Is Mr. Flabbins here?" asked Will at the number indicated.

"That's me," replied a short, thick set man, with cold, gray eyes, and a roll of fat hiding the back of his collar. As he answered the stranger the



"Mother!"

color left his face. He recognized his step-brother. Ben saw that this was the cause, and smiled rather bitterly. "Where is mother?" he asked of the man behind the bar.

"I—I—don't know," stammered Flabbins.

"You lie, as you always did," said Ben, his jaw coming together like a steel trap and his blue eyes flashing. Flabbins moved toward the cash register.

"You need not trouble yourself," exclaimed Ben, contemptuously, noting the movement. "I have no time to talk to you now, but I may return and—if I have cause—your revolver won't save you. Where is your father?"

"Dead," sulkily answered the saloon keeper.

"How long?"

"Four years."

"And mother?" Ben's voice was low, but there was a menace in it that caused Flabbins to draw a little closer to the register.

"I haven't seen her in three years. She left the house after a row with Bess. You know what Bess is."

The next morning the following item was inserted in the leading papers of the city.

"WANTED—information as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Daniel Flabbins Box X, 21."

Eddy's flaken formed a curtain of whirling white, shutting out the dreary landscape, and covering the frozen, jagged earth with a soft mantle of snow as, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog, Ben Will waited impatiently for the opening of the door of the great institution for the housing of the poor. When admitted, he paced the plainly but comfortably furnished reception room, hungry for a sight of his mother's face. The opening of the door caused him to turn with outstretched arms. His eyes, blinded by tears, saw a bent form moving slowly toward him; one hand, toll worn and brown, the blue veins standing out upon it, grasped a cane with which to steady the tottering footsteps; above the bent frame in which beat a mother's heart, crown-

SMITHFIELD'S
WEEKLY BUNCH

Doings of the Past, Present and Future.

Holidays Bring the Usual Entertainment.

SMITHFIELD, Dec. 18, 1906.—The 1st ward choir will give a grand concert in Hillyard's Opera House on Saturday evening December 22, for the purpose of buying an organ. Miss Gates and Prof. Chas. Harris will take part, giving piano and violin selections. There will be choruses, solos, and a comic farce. Admission will be 25 and 15 cents.

On December 26, the Sunday School of the 1st ward will present "The White Lie," a play by home talent. The company has been working hard on this pleasing and interesting play for some time with the result that a successful presentation is expected.

The Relief Society held a sociable on Tuesday, the 18th, at 2 p. m. at Central hall for the members. Nice refreshments were served and a good program rendered. An enjoyable time was spent. In the future, the First and Second ward Relief Societies will meet in their respective meeting houses.

Elders A. J. Merrill and Kimball, who have been in the southern states for twenty-five months, returned last Saturday evening. Both suffered severely from malaria while away, and are not free from their trouble yet, but are comparatively well. They are glad to be home again.

The city council has been extending the water system and placing valves. This is a much needed improvement and it will now be possible to make needed repairs without shutting off the city system entirely.

The Old Folks Committee, J. J. Meikle, R. B. Thornley, John Bain and James Milligan, are arranging to give an Old Folks' dance on the evening of Thursday, December 27.

E. R. Miles, Jr. is holding Xmas sale, of gents clothing, furs and knit goods. Mrs. Maggie Roskelley is holding a Xmas sale of millinery.

Messrs. Hendricks and Waddoups, of Lewiston, were visitors in town on Sunday and spoke to the 1st and 2nd ward meeting houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miles left Sunday for Trenton to spend the day with H. T. Peterson, leaving there in the evening for Montpelier.

The first ward meeting was addressed by Prof. McKay, of the A. C., and Dr. Morrell of Logan, on Sunday evening.

R. J. Hammer left Monday for Salt Lake City, where he will be married to Miss J. A. Robinson on Wednesday, December 19.

The merchants of our city have decorated their windows for the Xmas holidays, and the display is very attractive.

Mrs. Luce left for her home in Salt Lake City Monday morning after a month's visit with her sisters.

Dr. Smith has for sale a fine seven months Hillyard bay colt; also a fine black horse; a bargain.

Lola Farrell entertained a few friends Monday night in honor of her birthday.

The Christmas number of the Desert News is a beautiful and interesting edition.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hinds have moved into the Noble place on Main street.

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ing it with a glory all its own, was a sweet old face.

"Mother!"

"Ben, my own Ben!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ben, quivering with anger, "to think they would allow you to go to the poor house. They shall suffer. They—"

"Hush, Ben," said his mother, softly, placing her hand over the lips of her son. "This is Christmas, and I am going home with you. Ah, such a happy Christmas. Well, may we say 'Peace on earth and good will to men.'"